# Grew Up Hard

## Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Trife Da God]Uh-huh, whoo, just smoothing it out, right now
My nigga Halloween, we gon' get rich this year, nigga (see)
Sip on this little bit of odor, made brown
Zone out, turn the lights off
Ant boogie, what up? Uh-huh
[Trife Da God]In the crib, with my wiz, getting my grown man on
Listening to classic soul, with the slow jams on
Smokey Robinson, Tears of a Clown, shedding tears
Popping beers, almost twenty five years in the town
I seen niggaz die off, like dandelions in the fall
Niggaz heard of Chip Banks and left him lying in the hall
Your boy Sandy Brock was ill, like Kobe Bryant with the ball
It's no exceptions, even the biggest giants gotta fall
'cause we living in denial, but these lessons are vital
When marinating in the slums, you gotta practice survival
Now everybody wants to be next American idol
But these are more than just songs pressed up your vinyl
Being rich is a poor man's dream, and we all wanna shine
But we all can't green, knahImean?
Being rich is a poor man's dream, and we all wanna shine
But we all can't green...
[Chorus: Solomon Childs]I grew up hard, maybe you grew up harder
But I ain't been to many operas
Or had money for private doctors
As harsh it sound, these just a tears of a clown
I grew up hard, maybe you grew up harder
The message is I'm too strong to hold down
I know the ledge, and I ain't planning to drown
As harsh it sound, these just a tears of a clown
[Trife Da God]Momma ain't raised no fool, they say we gotta save the children
But first, we gotta save our spoons
I was taught not to waste my food
Even if I didn't like it, every scrap on my plate got chewed

Either you ate, or you didn't eat, the memories are bitter sweet
Used to get teased by my friends, 'cause I had bigger feet
I think about them jokes and laugh, crack a smile
'cause as a child, I never knew that being broke was bad
Growing up I was close to my dad, but that still didn't stop a nigga

From putting that coke in them bags
That was the past, now, I'm riding with the oak in the dash
Got jealous niggaz hating, big time, hoping I crash
I can't blame 'em, and on the same note, I can't change 'em
Let a nigga disrespect my shit, I'm gonna flame 'em
That's word to my son little Jay, my little homey
Ask niggaz how your boy get down, ain't nothing phony
[Chorus][Trife Da God]Yeah, they say two heads are better than one, and in the process
I learned that slow progress, is better than none
That's why I'm still here persuing my goals, baking that bread
In the bakery, if I ain't out, doing no shows
I hit the block, once in a blue, and front with the crew
And show niggaz a good time, by getting drunk in the stud'
Some niggaz find happiness, with a blunt and a brew
They talented niggaz, but they just need something to do
It's kinda hard try'nna look beyond buildings and bricks
We can't condone broken homes, when our children is sick
Try'nna survive off the cereal and milk from the WIC
And all the good ones we got, be getting killed in the mix
He could of been the next Jordan, who knows, the next Emmitt
Young Tiger Woods, or the new Arthur Ashe of tennis
That's why I'm looking past the gimmicks, getting cash with Dennis
Criminal grind, we gonna smash the business
[Chorus][Outro:]Yeah, when you see that big thing pull up
Don't be mad at us, man, be glad, we done made it from the projects
We done came up, Stapleton Houses, man
Straight up, Theodore, Toney Starks Enterprise

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/